PUBLICATIONS.

RUBBERNECKING AT BONNETS.

FIFTH AVENUE SHOW SPIED ON FROM CHARIOTS.

People Who Come to Wear the Millinery and See It Crowd the Sidewalks and Churchgoers Dedge Out of the Way Down the Side Streets as They Can.

A rubberneck chariot sneaked up Madison avenue at about half past 11 o'clock yeserday morning. It wasn't one of the large, gilded, modern kind which surveys Chinatown in these days; it was one of the small, inconspicuous six seaters with which the "Seeing New York" movement was inaurgurated. The spieler carried no megaphone. He was honoring the day by his peace and quietness, and besides he wasn't quite sure how the police would take it.

The rubberneck wagon trundled as inconspicuously as possible into Forty-fourth street and halted on the corner of Fifth avenue. Although the clergymen in the churches inside had only reached their fourthlies, the sidewalks were overflowing with people-and clothes. All kinds of From the Flatiron to the Park they stretched away in two long ribbons brightly variegated like flower borders.

This, ladies and gentlemen," said the spieler. "is the famous Eastertide assemplage of the wealth and fashion of New York attending Easter services. In the crowd which you see before you are represented one-third of the banking interests of the United States, as well as the highest and nost exclusive society. As they pass by will be my pleasure to point out the leaders of finance and fashion. Any ques-

"It seems to me," said a visitor from Atlanta, surveying the red gowns and the blue gowns and the green gowns which drifted by, "that New York society women dress rather loud.

"Well, they can afford it," said the spieler Don't the New York society men wear tail hats to church?" went on the young thing from the South. "They always do in Atlanta." Only one hat in five in the passing crowd was of silk; the rest ranged from derbies to sombreros.

"Going out fast among the smart set," said the spieler. "Tall hats are getting so common that anybody can own one. They ain't exclusive any more."

'Oh!" said the rubberneckers in chorus. "Why, a good many of the women are wearing corset coats-and they went out

last year in Detroit," said another. Yes'm, those are the servants. The smart set take their servants to church with them on Easter Sunday," responded the spieler, promptly.

A man and woman rounded the corner. Her hat was a polo effect, her gown was lavender, with elbow sleeves, and she wore long black gloves. His frock coat fitted very weil. With a well set pair of shoulders a tailor on Second avenue can often do as well as one on Fifth.

"Those ladies are members of the Van-derbilt family," said the spieler. "My!" said the rubbernecks.

The man of the pair caught twelve pairs of feminine eyes on him. Figuring that he'd made a hit, he smiled back and bowed impudently. The rubbernecks were covered with pleasant confusion.

"Just think, my dear," murmured a dowager. "When we get back to Omaha we can say that a Vanderbilt spoke to us!" The wagon trundled on toward the Cathedral.

Cathedral.

The presence of the sightseeing auto was a new element in the annual Easter spectacle of Fifth avenue. Otherwise, on the authority of the Fifth avenue bus drivers, who never quit their jobs until they die and have therefore seen its rise and decline, it was the same old show. The Easter walk from church of the "exclusives" which was an institution twenty The Easter walk from church of the "ex-clusives" which was an institution twenty years ago, has been transferred to the church approaches of a half a dozen coun-try resorts. In the churches of Fifth avenue, a few pews were occupied by their regular holders, but only a very few. Now and then descendants of those who made the Easter parade in the time of its glory were picked out, slipping away through side streets. One could tell them by their desire to avoid attention. desire to avoid attention.

desire to avoid attention.

The crowd walked mostly on the west and sunny side of the street, for there was a little chill in the air out of the sun. It trooped up and down in two long lines, which ran over on the asphalt opposite the big churches. No one seemed to know any one else. Not two hats were raised in a block. The people were there just to look at one another. So all the heads in one line were turned to meet the glances of the other line. Whenever a specially of the other line. Whenever a specially dashing Easter costume flashed out of the clowd, the people of the other line craned their necks until they were almost walking

Among the new gowns, green seemed to be the favorite color—green of every shade from a mere suggestion in the weave to a bright apple green. The gowns that were not new—and these ran in bunches—dated as far back as 1899. There was the woman in rusty black, her costume touched up by a flowered hat and a pair of white gloves that were cleaned last Easter. There was the Rialto delegation, the women in reds and buses and purples and hats like burning oil wells and the men walking with their hands behind the habit-fitted backs of their coats. There was the gentleman from up State in his Sunday clothes—a cutaway of black diagonal and a white "come-easy" tie. Walking in groups were the outpourings of the hall bedrooms, young clerks and students in sack suits, freshened up with new Easter ties. There were the belies of the East Side and the beaux of Hoboken, persistently rubbering at the Among the new gowns, green seemed Hoboken, persistently rubbering at the most striking toilets. Every stage on the Fifth avenue line

was running, the old timers as well as the newfangled ones with spiral staircases up the resr. They carried few inside passengers, but topsiders fairly hung over the wheels. That conservative institu-tion refused to bull prices. Fares were five cents, first come first served, although the drivers might have filled their outside seats at a dollar a head. Wise topsice's caught a bus at the Washington Arch, and hung to it for three round trips. For a grand stand view, it was better than the abberneck wagon, and much cheaper.

Oren hansoms were also in demand.

The congregations began to come out at half past 12. The real churchgoers, distinguished by the prayer books or the souvenir service cards which the women carried, crowded into the chinks of the procession. In front of the churches the outcoming throngs caused the sidewalk crowds to bulge out into the middle of the street. Through this gently moving but persistent crowd, the hansoms and turnouts of carriage folks made their way with difficulty. These real churchgoers stared very little, they were the show. They had a tendency to escape into side streets as soon as possible.

At half past 1, the conventional limit for this fashionable function, the sidewalks were almost passable; at a quarter to 2, one could get a seat on a Fifth avenue bus, and even the rubberneck wagons were removing themselves. The crowds passed on to Central Park, or scattered to Sunday dinner.

GREAT DAY IN GRAND STREET. Easter Paraders Out in Style-Fine Tribute

The Easter parade in Grand street yesterday in style and numbers eclipsed all previous turnouts since the annual parade became a regular East Side function.

The Sullivans from "de Ate" and the Bowery took a prominent part in it and the Hon. Christie reviewed the parade on a white horse in front of the Sullivan headquarters. Word was passed around the district early last week that the Hon.

Florrie Sullivan desired the parade this CLEVELAND ON WOMEN'S CLUBS ear to be a credit to his organization. Crossayed Suftman was the courier and he delivered the instructions something in this fashion:

"Youse guys who are going to turn out in Grand street want to put on your best togs and any bloke what ain't got a clean shirt better keep off the street. It will go tough with a guy found without a collar on. Any of youse blokes who can't shake your sweaters better go up Broome street when youse go to the Bowery. All youse guys who turn out had better put on some green. Florrie says dat green is the style dis spring."

The parade started about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. There was no general formation and it was a sort of a go as you

please canter. The line of march extended from the Bowery to Sullivan's corner at Clinton and Grand streets.

The members of the Essex Market Bar Association, headed by Rosey, the lawyer, were imitation shamrocks in their buttonwore imitation shamrocks in their buttonholes. They marched in a solid body and
took off their hats when they arrived in
front of the Hon. Christie. Among the
barristers who displayed dreams in green
neckties were Blackstone Kent Cohen,
Spike Rosenbloom, Isaac Ratkowsky, J.
Choate Pearlman, Charles O'Conor Levy,
Rufus Choate Isaacs and Elihu Schwartz.
Shortly before the Hon. Christie mounted
the white horse a committee from the
organization, consisting of Crosseyed
8 nitman and Eat 'Em Up Jack McManus,
went along the route to "chase out ringers,"
as they expressed it.

as they expressed it.

Joe Levy, the Duke of Essex street:
Fiddles Finkelstein, Ginger McGinniss,
the only Irish pushcart pedler on the East
Side; Lazarus, the bootblack, and several
others were found without collars or neckties. They were hustled over to Broome
street, where they promised to remain

street, where they promised to remain.

The parade was regarded as the greatest tribute ever paid to the Sullivans. All the East Side celebrities passed in review before the Hon. Christie. Charles Wagner, the Grand street dry goods man, wore a white duck suit, with shamrock emblems

white duck suit, with shamrock emblems on the arms.

The Hon. Phil Wissig was dressed in a suit of black, which was set off by a gorgeous green necktle and a green band around the old silk hat, which he wore at the first inauguration of Grover Cleveland. The Hon. Issy Cohen displayed a sprig of shamrock, which he said had been send to him by afriend who went over to Ireland seveal months ago to dispose of a job lot of suspenders. Big Jack Martin appeared in a golf suit and an outing shirt of pale green. Stitch McCarthy wore a green jockey cap.

"I am proud of dat cap," he said, "because it was worn by de bloke wat win a race wid Irish Lad."

The Hon. Phil Wissig led a division all

The Hon. Phil Wissig led a division all by himself. At each end of the route it halted for refreshments. When it started out the Wissig contingent occupied the sidewalk, but in its last lap from Sullivan's corner to the Bowery it took the middle of

PARK CARRIAGE TURNOUT.

Lots of Well Known Folks in the Crowd That Drove Yesterday.

There have been several Sundays this spring mild enough to fill the Fast Drive in Central Park with vehicles, but it is the Easter Sunday afternoon crowd that opens the real season in the Park. It was on hand yesterday in such numbers as to suggest the glories of an old time Easter parade on the avenue. There were spaces of the drive so closely packed with vehicles that they could move only at a snail's pace. Crowds lined the walks along the drive t watch the pageant. It seemed as if most of the carriages were occupied by young women in twos and threes, who bumped along in hansoms or proceeded more dignifiedly in little victorias.

There is always a theatrical contingent in the afternoon Fark parade and it was there yesterday. Marie Cahill, round and pale in visage and straw blond as to hair, loomed up from a victoria that possessed two horses, one more than the theatrical average. Virginia Earle contented herself with a hansom, but looked unhappy over it, Blanche Ring was so much covered up with a veil that she would not have been recognizable but for the presence of her husband in the vehicle. Clara Bloodgood. husband also. Oscar Hammerstein sat alone in a high mail phaeton. Norma Munro startled the East Drive by

Norma Munro startled the East Drive by appearing in a motor car carrying a child dressed in white, and was seen without it a few minutes later. Heinrich Conried sat on the front seat of a new motor, looking nervous. His old one was guaranteed not to exceed eight miles an hour, but the new one can make ten, which accounted for his worried look. Antonio Scotti sat on the back seat, with the despondent air he al-

ways brings back from a Western tour.

One of the first vehicles was that of Mrs.

Jay, which has for years made its daily Jay, which has for years made its daily trip in fair weather from Stuyvesant Square up to the Park. Mr. and Mrs. Jules Montant in their victoria, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Coudert and their two children, and Charles Oelrichs, in hansoms, supplied the social element in the crowd that began to get cold and start for home much earlier than it expected to

to get cold and start for home much earlier than it expected to.

Eugene Ysa e occupied two-thirds of a hansom and left the rest to his accommodating wife, who peeped out gratefully. Frank Wheelock, most successful of the bookmakers; Markie Mayer, known from Portland to the Café Martin; Abe Hummel in his automobile victoria, John Kendrick Bangs, Miss Draper and her fiance, Ernest Schelling, Jack Follansbee and some nine thousand others, according to the mounted policeman's estimate, drove up to the Park policeman's estimate, drove up to the Park and succeeded in getting in safely despite the new traffic regulations on the Plaza.

DISROBED BY RIFLE SHOT. Col. Bordeverry Displays His Marksman-

ship at a Private View. Col. Gaston Bordeverry, hailed as "the most accurate shot in the world," gave a private exhibition under the management of the Hippodrome press agent yesterday afternoon. The Colonel, dressed in the uniform of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, appeared with his assistant, Mile. Léonine de Lausanne. First he walked up to the Hippodrome's gallery and shot off a few pieces of plaster fixed on a black disk. Mile. de Lausanne then shot away some

Mile. de Lausanne then shot away some plaster too.

The Colonel descended, lay down backward on a chair and shot lumps of sugar and other trifles from the head of his assistant. Then the two orderlies, who answer to the names of Pierre and Jean, put their heads together. Between the two foreheads was a little toy balloon. The Colonel let the air out of that without any trouble.

Then the Colonel did a curious stunt. He has a piano which he plays with a rifle. Everytime he hits a bullseye down below, in the neighborhood of the pedals, he strikes a key, and in that way he played "Cavalleria Rusticana." or rather the intermezzo of that opera.

that opera.

Next came what the Colonel called "the Next came what the Colonel called "the vair sensationelle parformance of shooting off Maiame's clothes." She appeared in evening dress of a brilliant scarlet hue and mounted a pedestal. The Colonel took aim and hit a little white target on her breast. That undid a hook and the cape dropped off. He then shot her hat off.

At her shoulders and hips were tiny white targets. With the first shot, which hit the right shoulder target, the gown slipped from that shoulder. A second shot left her very much decolleté. The shots it the hip targets left mademoiselle in a much beflounced petticoat.

Fast Erie Boat on Staten Island Ferry. The new Erie ferryboat Goshen, which The new Erie ferryboat Goshen, which has been plying between Manhattan and Jersey City for the last several weeks, was tested on the Staten Island ferry route about five hours yesterday. She made the trips in much better time than the old boats of the Staten Island line. The Goshen is one of the best equipped and swiftest ferryboats in the harbor.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

SEEMS TO DOUBT IF WOMAN SUF-FRAGISTS WILL EVER REFORM.

as to Less Virulent Club Movements, He Considers Even They May He Dangerous to the Home, Which Is a Woman's Best Club-The Lash for Wife Beaters.

Grover Cleveland, twice President of the United States, has an article on "Woman's Mission and Woman's Clubs" in the ourrent umber of the Ladies' Home Journal. He "One who can remember a mother's

love and a mother's care in childhood, or who has known in later days the joys a devoted wife brings to the life of man, ought to be able to calculate upon general experience so largely tallying with his own that he need not fear protest or dissent in treating of the scope and character of woman's mission. It is a melancholy fact, however, that our subject is actually one of difficult approach; and it is a more melancholy fact that this approach is made difficult by a dislocation of ideas and by false perspectives on the part of women themselves. To those of us who suffer periods of social pessimism, but who, in the midst of it air, cling to our faith in the saving grace of simple and unadulterated womanhood, any discontent on the part of woman with her ordained lot, or a restless desire on her part to be and to do something not within the sphere of her appointed ministrations, cannot appear otherwise than as perversions of a gift of God to the human race.

"The restlessness and discontent to

which I have referred is most strongly manifested in a movement which has for a long time been on foot for securing to women the right to vote and otherwise participate in public affairs. Let it here be distinctly understood that no sensible man has fears of injury to the country on account of such participation. It is its dangerous, undermining effect on the characters of the wives and mothers of our land that we fear. This particular move-ment is so aggressive, and so extreme in its insistence, that those whom it has fully enlisted may well be considered as incor-rigible. At a very recent meeting of these radicals a high priestess of the faith deradicals a high priestess of the faith de-clared: 'No matter how bad the crime a woman commits, if she can't vote, and is classed with idiots and criminals and lunatics, she should not be punished by the lunatics, she should not be punished by the same laws as those who vote obey.' This was said when advocating united action on the part of the assembled body to prevent the execution of a woman proved guilty of the deliberate and aggravated murder of her husband. The speaker is reported to have further announced as apparently the keynote of her address: 'If we could vote we'd be willing to be hanged.' It is a thousand pities that all the wives found in such company cannot sufficiently open their minds to see the complete fitness of the homely definition which describes a good wife as 'a woman who loves her husband and her country, with no desire to run either'; and what a who loves her husband and her country, with no desire to run either'; and what a blessed thing it would be if every mother, and every woman, whether mother, wife, spinster or maid, who either violently demands or wildly desires for women a greater share in the direction of public affairs, could realize the everlasting truth that 'the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.'

"There is comfort in the reflection that, even though these extremists may not be

"There is comfort in the reflection that, even though these extremists may not be amenable to reformation, there is a fair prospect that their manifest radicalism and their blunt avowal of subverting purposes will effectively warn against a dangerously wide acceptance of their theories.

"The real difficulty and delicacy of our topic become most apparent when we come

topic become most apparent when we come to speak of the less virulent and differently directed club movements that have crossed directed club movements that have crossed the even tenor of the way of womanbood. I do not include those movements which amount to nothing more than woman's association or cooperation in charitable, benevolent and religious work, largely local in its activities and in all its qualities and purposes entirely fitted to a woman's highest nature and best impulses. I speak more especially of the women's clubs of an entirely different sort which have grown up in all sections of our land, and which have already become so numerous that in the interests of their consolidated managethe interests of their consolidated manage-ment a National Federation of Woman's Clubs has been created. I speak also of the vast number of associations less com-pletely organized, but not less exacting of time and attention, whose professed purposes are in many instances the intellectual improvement or entertainment of the women composing their membership. Doubtless in numerous cases the objects of these clubs and associations are shown in such a light and are made to appear so in such a light and are made to appear so good, or at least so harmless, that a conscientious woman, unless she makes a strong fight against self-delusion, may quite easily persuade herself that affiliation with them would be certainly innocent and perhaps even within the dictates of duty. The danger of self-delusion lies in her supposition that she is consulting the need of relaxation or the duty of increased opportunity for intellectual improvement, when in point of fact, and perhaps imperceptibly to herself, she is taking counsel of her discontent with the humdrum of her home life."

After considering the woman's club as a

or ner inscentent with the humarum of her home life."

After considering the woman's club as a weapon of retaliation upon man for neglect of his home and suggesting that the retaliation may fall upon the innocent as well as the guilty, Mr. Cleveland says "it may safely be assumed that among those who are most disturbed by the growth of woman's clubism the sentiment is universal that man's neglect of woman is a dastardly offense and that the whipping post for wifebeaters would be a wholesome feature of our criminal law." He goes on:

goes on:

"I am persuaded that without exaggeration of statement we may assume that there
are woman's clubs whose objects and intents
are not only harmful, but harmful in a way that directly menaces the integrity of our homes and the benign disposition and character of our wifehood and mother-hood; that there are others harmless in intent, but whose tendency is toward waste of time and perversion of effort, as well as toward the formation of the club habit, and the teleration or active patronage of and the toleration or active patronage of less innocent organizations; that there are also associations of women whose purposes of charity, religious enterprise or intellectual improvement are altogether laudable and worthy. Leaving this latter class out of account, and treating the subject on the theory that only the other organizations mentioned are under consideration, I believe that it should be boldly declared that the best and safest club for a woman to patronise is her home."

COPS TO TREAD THE BOARDS. "Scenes and Incidents in a Station House" to Be Played.

This will be police week in Jersey City. The annual show of the Police Mutual Aid Society will take place at the Bijou Theater every afternoon and evening excepting this afternoon. this afternoon.

The principal attraction will be the police drama. "Scenes and Incidents in a Station House." written by Benjamin Murphy, the only Chief of Police-playwright in the United States. All the actors will be real

Capt. John F. Kelly of the Second pre-Capt. John F. Kelly of the Second precinct will assume the rôle of commander of a precinct. Sergt. Ebenezer Closterman of police headquarters will play the part of a desk sergeant. Sergt. William Duffy of the First precinct will represent a sergeant in command of a relief squad going on patrol. Doorman George Bard will sing a song to quiet a "lost child" (Lillie Le Vey), who has been found, and Policeman Carroll will be the real thing as "J. Spud," a come-on. ud. a come-on.

There has been a great demand for tickets.

The inmates of all the orphan asylums in the city have been invited to attend to-morrow's matines. Capt John Cody of the First precinct is chairman of the committee on arrangements.

For saveral years one of the writers of the younger set has kept his friends guessing by showing them up in his short stories. Some were amused, and some resented it. One young woman spent much of her time explaining that she was not meant in a explaining that she was not meant in a certain story that seemed to disclose a chapter of her interesting life. Whatever the ethics of the affair may be, compensation has set in. In one of the Synday newspapers the young man's own life story, with a large and excellent photographic likeness, has just been printed. The fact that he and his wife, who have been writing stories at each other for some time, have separated was the occasion. separated was the occasion

The mere man stopped in front of a shop window. It was full of large and beautiful hats. "There," he said to the girl with him, "why don't you get one of

girl with him, "why don't you get one of those and be done with it? See, they are special, too; only \$10."

"What?" cried the girl indignantly. Then her tone changed to one of pity. "Come away." she said; "you are but a mere man after all. Don't you know that this is probably the most conspicuous hat window in town, and thousands of women have already seen these hats and the price on them? Of course they are beautiful, but I wouldn't wear one for the world. I'd be a marked woman. Any other woman could tell one as soon as she saw it, know where I got it and just what I paid for it."

"It's a curious thing," said a physician. "I was talking to a druggist recently about New York being the headquarters for everything. 'H'm,' said he, 'New York cheer-fully sells the stuff that is made elsewhere. fully sells the stuff that is made elsewhere. Take those prescription blanks, for instance. They come from Connecticut. The cocaine you use in your practise is of German make. The tablets you recommend for a cold are put up in Detroit. The morphine comes from Philadelphia, and the pill boxes from Buffalo. Most of my bottles are made in New Jersey. The Quaker City supplies many of the hypodermic tablets, and the seidlitz powders come from Boston, and so on down the line. Two of the best selling headache remedies are made in Baltimore, but the headache itself is manufactured but the headache itself is manufactured right here in New York."

The summer resort correspondents are already making their arrangements for the season. One clever young man hopes to repeat the game he played last year. to repeat the game he played last year. He was established with his wife in a large room at a hotel not far from New York. In exchange for his board he agreed with the landlord to get the name of the hotel in the papers often—in short, to be the hotel is press agent. Then he arranged with a New York newspaper to be its correspondent from this hotel. For this, of course, he was paid by the newspaper, and it was easy to keep his agreement with the landlord. Several small country papers and society sheets which took his weekly gossip furnished enough to keep him in cigarettes and his wife in candy all summer.

"I wonder," said a man of a mechanical turn, "that there are no hand organs ground by motors. You take the big piano hand organs that are drawn about the streets by man power. It requires two men to draw one of them, and with such a hand organ it would be cheaper to have one of the men play it than to equip it with a motor; for the extra man has to go along anyway. But now with the horse drawn hand organs two men seem one more than is needed.

"I should think an electric motor with a storage battery could be attached to such a hand organ and be made to turn the crank for less than the cost of the second

In the yard of a house in West Twentyninth street there stands a souvenir of a crime that shocked the city a few years ago. This is an iron stove which stood in the celiar to which the body of a murdered man was dragged. His head was cut off and part of the body burned in this stove. The house has been vacant since this crime, which was too unusual to be forgotten at the contract of the stove was brought from its once. Why the stove was brought from its place in the empty cellar nobody knows. It appeared in the yard, however, the other morning, and there it stands.

"If I should hear," said a thrifty bachelor who provides himself with many of his meals in his own room and so buys more or less canned goods, if I should hear that whales were becoming scarce it wouldn't surprise me at all, for I should know what had become of them. They are packing whales now as sardines, if I can judge by the size of the fish in some of the boxes that I have lately opened."

"Just how your city fathers have figured out the military system of your police force," out the military system of your ponce force, said a subaltern newly assigned to Governors Island, "is a mystery that it would take an Upton or a Hardee to solve. Of course I judge by what I see—the military insignia on police uniforms—but you must remember these are world wide in their application and always mean the same thing, no matter by whom worn—always excepting these New York guardians of the peace and other things. Beginning at the lowest rank, you have the plain ordinary policeman. He is officially designated patrolman. In effect he is the private of the corpos, yet nine out of ten address him as "officer." One step higher up comes the roundsman, corresponding to the corporal, and therefore properly identified by the double chevron. His insignia are correct. Move up yet another grade and you have the sergeant of police. He has jumped clear past the triple chevron that belongs to all sergeants; his single her shows this sergeant to be a first lieutenant. When you resch the police captain the double bars properly designate captain's rank. I haven't yet seen an Inspector in uniform, but, judging by analogy, he is just as likely as not to be togged out as a Major-Gereral. It's no wonder, then, that your cayaffy cops ride with the wrong said a subaltern newly assigned to Governspector in uniform, but, judging by analogy, he is just as likely as not to be togged out as a Major-Ge eral. It's no wonder, then, that your cavalry cops ride with the wrong hand and salute in a way to make a Comanche yell."

A well known woman on entering her stateroom for a trip abroad the other night found it so filled with flowers that the air was stifling. She accordingly gathered up all the cards from the bunches of roses, violets and other cut flowers and sent half of the bouquets in a hansom to Believue ospital.

This floral contribution included six dozen

American Beauty roses and ten bunches of violets, and when distributed in the women's and children's wards fulfilled even a greater mission than the donor expected.

BOOKS AND AUTRORS.

Just outside of London fronting the river above Richmond, and standing within quaint gardens and among ancient trees, is a fascinating house with an unbroken family history and an accumulation of heirlooms, all little known to the outside world, and bearing the somewhat commonplace name of "Ham House." Every room has its name, its traditional furniture, its share of treasures, and the whole place is peculiarly stamped in history by its association with the period of the Cabal. There is a little chapel, an old library that enshrines an ancient collection of great value, a ministure room whose walls are thickly hung with treasures among the most remarkable existing. The story of this piece of the seventeenth century has been adone into a book under the title of "Ham Ho se; Its History and Art Treasures," by a lady connected with the house and familiar with its history. The house passed in 1643 to William Mu rey, first Earl of Dysert, who had been "whipping boy" to Charles I. and the details of the manner in which the treasures of the house were husbanded in the various vicissitudes and absences of the family by being stowed away in "the great wardrobe." an immense room with cupboards at the top of the house, is very

John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) has been saying some spirited and heretical things lately, among them of women she The New Novel by the Author of

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Their nature do s not contain the fi st element of justice, and this unfairness is in some instances a source of fascination. Where would men go for sympathy if women were impartial?" All of which refers to the question of having women serve on juries. Mrs. Craigie is very partial herself toward the old fashioned wife and mother and deplores the danger there is of her complete extinction. Incidentally she praises warmly the Jewish woman, whether as girl, wife or mother.

The boomed book is fast passing according to "A Publisher's Confession, an interesting little volume just published. The author of the book has made a list of the writers of books that during the last five or six years have sold in enormous editions by sheer advertising, and every one of these writers but two has lived to see his or her latest book sell far below its predecessors. One man who wrote a "fi s book" which sold to the number of 200,000 has another on the market. His pubishers announce only the sixtieth thousand of his latest novel, though it has now nearly run its course. "Only the keeper of dark secrets knows," says this writer, how many publishers have lost or how large their losses have been on boomed books. By the way, there is a great deal of curiosity about the author of this "Publisher's Confession." Evidently he knows the inside story of the book business, and he tells it most entertainingly, but each of the book publishers who have been approached on the subject deni s having had anything to do with the writing of the text or possessing any knowledge concerning its

The recent publication of E. S. Martin's "Courtship of a Careful Man" recalls an amusing incident in the literary career of this genial essayist. Soon after leaving college Mr. Martin published anonymously the volume of poems now known under the title "A Little Brother to the Rich." A London publisher came across the little volume at a book stall and desiring to publish it in England he made diligent but unsuccessful search for the author. The book was brought out under the frankly truthful title of "Pirated Poems," with a note to the author on the title page explaining the circumstances and offering to share the profits with him should identity te proven. Mr. Martin learned of the edition and when next he went to London the author met his publisher, whom he describes as "a most agreeable pirate."

J. S. McLain, author of "Alaska and the Klondike," accompanied the Sanatorial committee that went to Alaska in 1903, and it is from the letters he wrote to his own paper, a Western journal, during the time he was traveling that his book has been compiled. The members of the committee endeavored to have Mr. McLain allow his book to be published as a Senate document, and in a letter on the subject one of the Senators said that the committee considered the work a most valuable document for the

The title of Frederick Upham Adams's golf novel, "Follow Through," to be published in June by Doubleday, Page & Co. has been changed to "John Henry Smith," the name of the millionaire who tells the story. A. B. Frost, himself a golf enthusiast, has drawn the pictures and drawn them to appear to be the work of the writer rather than of the artist.

HANDSOMEST, LIGHTEST BEST LUGGAGE HADE BY



Wardrobe Trunks.

has said that "they are by nature unfair. | MURDERED MAN TIED TO TREE With the Throat Cut and a Knife Stuck Through the Heart.

> HUNTINGTON, W. Va., April 23 .- The body of a well dressed man was found at Big Ugly to-day, bound hand and foot and tied to a tree, with a stiletto blade thrust through the heart. The throat had been cut.
>
> It is believed by the authorities that the man was murdered before he was tied to the tree. Pinned to the coat was a piece of paper bearing this inscription:
>
> "You will bother us no more.
>
> The identity of the man is not known.

AMUSEMENTS.

PROCTORS 235 PeterDailey y & surpece, Bluy Gould & Huntings, Pred Nible, Che DAVIS & INEZ McCAULEY in

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BELASCO Theatre. To-night 8. Mat. Sat. David Belasco presents MRS. Leslie Carter NEW PLAY ACADEMY OF MUSIC, LAST-2-WEEKS.
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BATES IN DARLING OF THE GODS BIJOUEvg. 8:15. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2 DAVID BELASCO presents WARFIELD IN THE MUSIC MASTER.

HORSE Madison Square Garden.
Beginning To-Night.
Thereafter 2 Exhi itions
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'ChowChow,' 'OneNightStand' THEGOTHAM LADIES' MAT.TG-DAY.
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Lyric 12d. W. of B way, 115th time to night, 8: DE ANGELIS FANTANA Princess Frenzied Finance.

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MOORE & LITTLEFIELD. WARD & CURRAN MARCO TWINS. COOK & HAYES & others.

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HURTIGE SEAMON'S WEST Edna Wallace Hopper, Pearl Andrews, etc. Manhallan B'way and 33d St. Evgs ENG. THE PROUD LAIRD GRAND MISS NANCE O'NEIL

4th St. Theatre, 6th Av. Nights, 25, 50, 75c., \$1 Wed. mai. 25 & 50c. Sat. Mat., 25, 50, 75c. \$1 HACKED AROUND THE WORLD. YORKVILLE | The Christian | Matthee To morrow AMERICAN A DESPER TE CHANCE

"I seldom read novels," said a prominent business man the other day, "but if there's another book out as good as this one I want to know it. I'm told it's a marvel in a literary way. I'm no judge of that, but I do know that the time I spent reading that book was a good investment,-and my time's worth money. I'm not out to encourage novel reading, but when a book like that comes along it's too good to miss."

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Mrs. Humphry Ward's great new novel. Every one remembers

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Circus Tournament, 8:05 and 9:05.
BALLET OF THE HOURS.
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